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My Conscience!

Fanny Thimble Cutler's

Journal

OF A RESIDENCE IN AMERICA,

whilst performing a profitable theatrical Engagement: beating the nonsensical

FANNY KEMBLE JOURNAL

ALL HOLLOW!!!

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PHILADELPHIA:
Published to Purchase for the Authoress a
WEDDING-GOWN,
being about to honor
FIERCE CUTLER, ESQ.
WITH HER HAND IN WEDLOCK.

A door suddenly opened in one of the large houses, and splash came a big bowl of water in my face.—*Page* 28.

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JOURNAL.

Wednesday, Sept. 5th.

NEW YORK, AMERICA.

My concience! who'd have thought it; there, it is written, I am Fanny Thimble, and no one else; this is my big toe and as I live, it has grown a crop of corns since I got on board ship. Here is New York, the little Lunnun, by my faith; andit is no other place. Monstrous change! but I must get out of my berth or I will loose my breakfast. As I live there is that gouty old fellow B—— peeping through the half shut blinds of my state room door; I wish Pa would catch him there, the good for nothing, worn out, gouty old wretch. Ah, he has taken the hint and vanished. Eat breakfast for the last time on board our good ship Warrior; swallowed six muffins, seven eggs and eight cups of coffee to keep the damp out of my stomach, for it is a real Liverpool day. Cold gray clouds, tipped with rose pink and a slight touch of indigo, hovered over us as we got on board of the steamer which landed us in an hour on the wharf at New York and for the first time I soiled my pretty English shoes with Yankee dirt. The wharf was crowded by men, women and boys who gave three cheers for Fanny Thim-

ble and followed us in a mob to our Hotel which was situated in their most fashionable street called Broadway though it is very narrow and filthy. The women I saw seemed as if dressed out at an old jew's shop in the strand;—tawdriness was the only thing remarkable about them save their flat noses, big feet and black and rotten teeth. I was glad to get into the Hotel from the gaze of the crowd, and my dear papa might have felt glad too, for in the long hall of the Tavern, he was welcomed by the Mayor, Judges, and City Authorities, and by scores of Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, &c. &c., who presented him in the name of the corporation with a valuable gold snuff box for having honored their City so highly as to bring his dear daughter, myself, across the salt pond to shew them what they never saw before, pretty acting by a pretty Lunnun gal. Dined at three; dinner tolerable—wine passable, brandy so, so; desert abominable, nothing but peaches grapes, plums, cantelopes and watermellons, with maggoty cheese and sour bread. was showed to my bed chamber; the window blinds being shut it was quite dark and on asking the chambermaid what crackled so under my feet, (just like torpedoes) she said she calculated it was the bugs trying to get out, as no one had slept there for the last month, when she opened the window, sure enough there they scampered as thick as fruit in plumb pudding, and I found I had killed my thousands, not with the jaw bone of an ass but with the delicate feet of an English beauty. Had the room swept and put to rights, my dear papa saw after his own comfort and went to the Theatre in the eve-

ning with Colonel——poor lonesome I;—stitched and drank wine till ten, then turned into bed, a little "how come you so," and dreamt of home, mother Thimble, and all the little Thimbles.

Thursday, 6th.

I have been in the tantrums greatest part of the day owing to the numerous visitors I had to receive. Dressed as Lady Teazle, I sat at the end of the long hall on a kind of raised platform or throne, over and around which was suspended rich crimson and blue drapery. The chair I sat in was made of mahogany, and splendidly gilt; in fact, I felt for awhile, as though I was in reality some great royal personage,—an empress, or queen at least. Each side of me stood six handsomely dressed ladies, and the visitors were introduced by four elegant alderman, dressed in small clothes, chapeaux and sword. In the centre of the hall, from top to bottom, about 100 armed volunteers were stationed with fixed bayonets to keep order. Those who were honoured by a shake of my hand proceeded up the righ side of the passage, and having given their salute, passed down the left side of the military and left the house to make room for others;—there could not have been less than 500,000 men, boys, girls, old maids, widows and wives, who partook of a squeeze of my hand, which feels the excessive pressure of an old drunken blacksmith's grip till now. I was careful to wear gloves, lest I might catch the itch, which they tell me is very common here. Some of the people kneeled to me and kissed my shoes, whilst others laid

offerings of strings of pearl, gold rings, broaches, bouquets of flowers, &c. at my feet, and many a good looking fellow called me an angel. The Governor opened the ceremony, having come all the way from Albany for the purpose. After kneeling, blowing his nose, and kissing my hand, he made the following delightful poetical speech :

Like Buttermilk, thy face is fair;
Like Mammoth's bones, thy talents rare;
To this great land I welcome thee,
Angel or maid which e'er thou be.

After the ceremony, I had to drink toast in punch, and actually got so far "how come you so," as to hug and kiss the old Governor, and play some droll tricks, till my dear, dear papa, who no doubt was merry himself, had me put to bed. I awoke about daylight, had a glass of julip in bed, and slept again 'till eight; when Colonel —— called and helped me to lace my stays. Kind soul, I don't know what I would do without him. Breakfasted at nine; eat a wild duck and forty buckwheat cakes; took another julip, and dressed, with the Colonel's assistance, for a ride to the Five Points.

Friday, 7th.

Breakfasted at nine; the Colonel called at ten with an open barouche, and we set off for that pleasant resort of the *fashionables*, (the Five Points); on arriving in its neighbourhood, we were struck with the change of appearance of the ladies from those promenading or residing in the

filthy Broadway. Here all displayed a careless kind of negligee, and wore loose and airish dresses, whilst many of the most beautiful were seen taking their gin bitters in the different houses of entertainment with which this little earthly paradise abounds. Few men could be seen, as we were informed it was not considered polite, or genteel for them to promenade in that quarter till night, when hundreds of the elite poured forth the soft and seducing tale of love into the ears of the innocent and credulous virgins of the *Points*. When we were about leaving this consecrated spot of love, beauty and fashion, we were hurra'd and cheered to the skies.

> "Kerchiefs waved; shawls floated in the air,
> And plaudits came from voices rich and rare."

Arrived at our hotel at eleven; was introduced to a young Philadelphian, Mr. Fierce C——; he was civil spoken, somewhat quakerish, but my dear, dear papa says he is worth a plumb,—and a goose that may be easily caught. By my troth we shall see; a plum is not to be had every day. He dines with us at five,—I'll appear at table as Rosalie Summers before she sees Plastic. As I live, I forgot my julip; must ring for it. Must make my first appearance on Monday; 'twill soon come, and I really dread to face these vile Yankees. D—n them, as the critic says, who cares for,

> Merchants, butchers, tailors nimble,—
> They must adore sweet Fanny Thimble.

Saturday, 15*th*.

Quarrelled with my maid—paid her, and told her I had no further use for her. She called me a lazy slut, and said if the people knew as much about me as she did, I would be hissed off the stage on my first appearance. What could she know about me during a three day's engagement? —my blood boiled within me, and I threw my shoe at her; when—oh, impudence most vile—she flew at me and boxed my ears till they fairly rang with pain, telling me I had got the wrong sow by the ear; hired girls were free and independent, and she would have her rights and defend herself from insult though she died for it; then with a sarcastic grin, she made a low curtsey, bid me good morning, and hoped that the ears of the sweet, dear, delightful Fanny, would be cooled by Monday night, as the medicine she had administered was a sovereign remedy for upstart impudence in an employer. I was about to faint with rage, when the punctual black waiter entered with my 11 o'clock mint julip. Julip!—what rich associations of thought lie concentrated in that little word; if you are drowsy or squeamish in the morning, take a mint julip, and you will soon feel revived and refreshed; if you are sad or gloomy, a julip will restore you to cheerfulness; and if angered, a good strong one will put you, as mine did, in a most conscrumptuous good humour. Five o'clock, took a coach, and proceeded to the house of Mr. —— the leader of good society in New York, where we dine, and where I expect to see all the customs of the highest rank. By six o'clock, the company had all arrived, and we were ushered into the dining-

room. The ladies in general had bad figures and horrid dark complexion, the gentlemen were more passable. I had the honour of drinking two or three glasses of wine with the young Philadelphian, (I think I have him by the shirt already) who sat directly opposite me, and who seemed to neglect every body else to wait on my wants. After dinner, instead of finger glasses being placed on the table to rinse the mouth and hands with, a stout negro went round the table, and with a sponge dipped in whisey and water, wiped the face and hands of each of the guests, whilst another with a coarse towel followed him to dry the parts thus moistened with the sponge. Papa says they "do just so" where he gets shaved. Apropos, now I think of it, our host was once a hair dresser, but by good luck rose to opulence, having turned merchant; perhaps he practices the sponging system to remind him of old times. The ladies retired from the table on the introduction of a large wash tub of punch —the men sat till they all got snoozed, pa, as well as the rest, except my new admirer, who followed me from the table and would not let me rest till I sang him a sweet song, as he said. Remembering one that my Grub Street writer had composed for me, I told my Adonis I would sing him an extempore one; "O, that must be an Italian one," said he. I laughed at his ignorance of the word extempore,—told him it was plain English right off hand composition, and should contain a compliment to him. He thanked me, sighed, and I struck the wires of the ill-toned out-of-tune piano; and by altering a few words in the old song, made him swallow it as new:

You sigh, and sadly look, my love,
Your spirit's in a mist,
The cause I'll freely tell you, love,
If you will deign to list.

You eat too many flitters, love,
And dumplings piping hot,
In that vile dish of soup, my love,
You here call pepperpot.

You've thrown your heart away, my love,
At foot of foreign maid,
Who plays the lover well, my love,
But is a flirting jade.

But as you're easy pleas'd, my love,
Like gentle butterfly;
When she has fairly teaz'd you, love,
Your wife she'll be—bine by.

"Exquisite," he exclaimed when I ended, and hoping the last verse might prove true to him; he assisted me to rise and accompanied us home. Yes, after some months of teasing, I'll take the Fierce Cutler under my charge and have a husband,—rule a husband, singing

I'll be a butterfly
Married to wealth,
And drink julip when I'm dry
To keep me in health.

Monday, 16*th.*

Breakfasted at nine; after that went to work stitching as though my life depended on the quantity I sewed. Eleven o'clock, took two julips, went to the theatre and rehearsed Fazio. Mr. Skippel the white washed and plaistered man

who failed in Covent Garden, in playing Romeo to my Juliet, is to be my Fazio. He knows not a word of his part, and is as nervous as a young bride on her wedding night. I wish he would go juliping for an hour or two; I'll get pa to advise him to the measure. Went home disgusted with the theatre and all the company. The building, I mean the Park, is not near so large as some of the barns the strollers enact in, in England, and the stock company of performers are not so good as those who follow the train of a mountebank doctor. The Colonel called and found me in the dumps; he recommended a glass of lemon punch,—it was brought, and after partaking of the sweet and sour felt more lively. Dined at three, was asked if I would partake of a piece of possum—a rank, nasty creature which the Americans prize above all other dainties, but which, to my eye, looked more like the devil than food for Christians. Took tea at five—hurried my dresses into a band box, and started with pa for theatre. Took several good swigs of the julip of life, went on and was applauded for at least an hour; never heard such rapturous shouts in my life. My Fazio paid too much attention to my father's advice, and though he got through in tolerable descent style, he was actually drunk. When the curtain dropped at the end of the play, they gave me nine cheers, which *cheered* me after the fatigue I underwent in showing them what acting was. Pa was so delighted with my reception, that he had got rather "how come you so," and actually forced me to sing to him at twelve o'clock at night, which I greatly gulped at.

Went out a shopping with my negligee bonnet on; in every store we visited, we found the counter jumpers ready to bow down and worship me, and many a bargain I got from these lolloping chaps. Crikee, as I heard a gentleman say, what heavenly charm has fell upon me since I arrived here, that every one, men, women and children seem to look on me as something above the ordinary beings of the day. I'll take advantage of their folly; quiz them, and after getting as much of their spare cash as will resuitatec pa's pockets, I'll laugh at them and enjoy my dear C's cash.

In my silks and my satins,
I'll lounge all the day;
In the morn go to matins;
At night to the play.

Before night, hundreds of girls had on a *fac simile* of my negligee, which they christened Fanny Thimble Bonnet. The negroes, as a mark of respect to me, were forbid wearing them by the magistrates, under the penalty of death.

Spent last night in the most pleasant dreams; thought I was a mermaid and reigned in a coral palace over all the creatures that have their abode in the sea,—a train of water nymphs waited on me, and Jupiter filled me with the nectar of the gods through the hollow tube of a sunbeam; but it was nothing to compare with the taste or flavor of mint julip with rose water in it. Breakfasted at nine, felt hungry, and punished a canvass back

duck and a pheasant, with about twenty muffins, and a dozen cups of coffee. Read the morning papers, and found I had made a deep impression, —a decided hit. One rascally editor called me an angel of an actress; another scoundrel (they are in my opinion all villains,) said I was the most graceful and lovely being that ever trod the American boards,—swore my teeth were real pearl; my lips coral; my cheeks like the lovely cabbage rose; (I verily believe he meant to say like red cabbage,) and my nose like the peak of Teneriffe, looking down on every thing charming below. Ha! ha! ha! I must send each of these poor devils a ten dollar bill, and they will doubtless, after my next appearance, find a higher title for me than even angel. Pa handed me a polite note from the proprietors of the "Hawk and Buzzard," one of the most respectable and highly patronized literary periodicals of the day, requesting me to sit for my portrait; and requesting, as the greatest favour in the world, that I would write something for their next number. I told pa to tell them, that though my *modesty* bid me refuse their request, still to please them, and gratify the curious public, I would honour their *dauber* with my *angelic* presence next day. As to writing something for their work, I'll just look over my bundle of cut and dry prose and poetry; manufactured in Grub Street for the sole purpose of making me a literary character in America, where the people really believe that all who first breathe the breath of life in England, are born for poets, painters, actors or chimney sweeps. The piece beginning with this verse I think will do—it has a sadness about it that I like—(or, I meant to say, would wish folks to think I like.)

I've cross'd o'er the ocean,
Where fish were in motion,
And waves roll'd as high as a crab-apple tree;
I have curs'd the black cook
For begreasing my book,
And made the dark sinner bow low on his knee,
Yet this world's very dreary,
To me it is weary,
O! would to Appollo life's chorus was done.

Got up wrong side foremost—took an extra julip; eat fried oysters for breakfast, and then went stitching like the very devil. Went to rehearse at eleven. Came home quite tired, untied my frock strings, and threw myself carelessly and at my ease on the floor, and was soon asleep. During my nap heard a deep sigh, woke up and found my rich slave that is to be, standing at my feet, gazing with rapture on my person. I blushed; he looked confused, when in came my dark attendant with my julip, which soon restored me to tranquility; he sent for brandy cocktail, a compound as horrid in my opinion to the taste as the name is "to ears polite." Talked a great deal of small stuff; he dined with us, and accompanies us to his native city to-morrow. If Philadelphia is as Quakerly as I am told it is, I shall certainly get the shakes, for I never could bear a broad brim hat or a half moon coat;—nay by my troth I cannot. Took tea, and hurried off to the theatre. The house was crowded to excess; and after the curtain went down, they set up the most boisterous clamour for the appearance of me and my dear pa. Greedy hearted beings, not satisfied with our exertions in the play, they must have a speech from us. Well—pa said something very short and very much mo-

lassified, I expect, for the poor Yankees hurra'd and threw up their hats, and made the house shake with applause. The Yorkers are yielding beings, touch them in the right spot, and they will bend any way you like. Got to the Hotel, young C. ordered supper; talked, drank champaign, and "packed up my tatters" till after twelve, when pa came home with his pockets full of money, and his head full of wine. Took charge of a thousand dollars, and put the old fellow to bed! Wishing to know from actual experiment what a wooer would find to talk about during a whole night's courtship, I invited Mr. C. to spend the remainder of the darksome hours with me, to which he assented with a thousand smiles of joy brimming and sparkling o'er his flushed cheeks. A large bowl of Portwine sangaree was brought in, the door locked, and what with julip, acting, champaign and sangaree, I soon became locked in sleep, my head pillowed on C.'s bosom, and when I awoke I found I was fast locked in his arms, and he—silly lover—snoring away like a porpoise. Courting should be done in day-time, for as it is but a dull business, sleep is very apt to spoil all its arguments, and send love into oblivion. Heigh, ho; most time to go to steamboat. Good bye, New York.

Left New York at six o'clock for Philadelphia; feeling very dull and heavy, I threw myself on the cabin floor, in hopes to sleep until breakfast time; but was aroused in the course of an hour by something wet spattering on my

face: on looking up, found it proceeded from a coloured woman's child, who the mother was holding out from a berth above me. Got up in a blaze, told the woman she was an impudent devil for coming among whites, and was laughed at by a dozen or so of chambermaids who were strutting up and down the floor. One of them had the shocking barbarity, whilst I was wiping the smarting fluid from my eyes, to ask me if she should tell the waiter to bring the house cloth to wipe my face. I cursed her, liberty and equality into the bargain, and then proceeded upon deck, which was literally crammed with blacks, laborers, and every thing vile in my English eyes. Told pa of the ladies' cabin scene, he laughed—told me never to mind it, the poor devil was only exhibiting the Cataract of the Ganges in miniature. My dear beau, who I really begin to feel a fancy for, invited me to a seat, which he purchased for a dollar from a negro girl that had occupied it. I was glad to squat down, and I realy felt in a comparative Heaven, after drinking a delightful julip pa brought me from the bar. We were soon landed and placed in the rail road car, which it appears was arranged on purpose for our reception by the officers of the company, who had a flag on it bearing my name. Pa, C., myself, and the president of the rail road managers took our seats, when a band behind struck up "hail, beauteus maid," and the train moved off in fine style for Camden. In our car all manner of refreshments were provided, and the president offered his services to make julips, at which I found he was very expert, and as the day was a little cool I helped myself freely to

them.—Arrived at Camden, and was soon wafted over the Delaware to the crowded, straight, and filthy streets of Philadelphia. A triumphal arch was raised across Chesnut street wharf for us to walk under, and a coach and six awaited our arrival, and immediateiy carried us to Jonny Cox's, the first Hotel in the city; situate at the corner of Small and Sixth streets. We were informed by the landlord that his vast establishment was crowded by the members of the Bobolition Society, and after politely sending us out some delicious soused liver, and a large bowl of rot-gut, and another of white eye, he recommended us to the Mansion House, kept by one Mr Foot, a famous foot by the way it is in providing for the body. Shown to a small room scarce large enough to turn round in, and felt almost suffocated with the smell of coffee roasting, which opperation filled the house with smoke.—Changed my dress and met pa and Mr. C. in the parlour which was allotted to us, and which I must say, was tolerably passable. Took some ice cream, talked love to C for an hour or two, and after supper, which was excellent, I retired to rest, and slept soundly till eight next morning.

After breakfast, pa told me to hurry in my dressing, as we were to be escorted to the navy yard to see the greatest ship in the world; and be received by the chief Burgess and councils of the city, together with distinguished Members of Congress, Judges, Aldermen, Justices of the Peace &c. At ten, being trigged out in my "best bib

pue tucker" I heard the stirring sounds of martial music approaching our hotel, and soon saw the beautiful regiment that protects the Governor from the savages that still abound round the seat of Government of the state. They are called the "Hollow Gaurds" and are the finest looking set of fellows I have seen in America. Their Colonel, the renowned and war worn Pluck, came into our parlour, with his staff of field officers. He told us he was commanded to escort us to the navy yard. They were handed refreshments, and we soon entered a barouche drawn by an elephant, two lions, and sixty six cream colored horses, borrowed for the occasion from a small menagerie in the town. On arriving at the navy yard we were saluted with five hundred guns from the battery on the river. Arches wreathed with flowers were raised over the pathway, and a carpet of rich crimson velvet was spread from the gate to the deck of the Pensylvania. At the entrance of the yard we were received by the chief burgess and other dignitaries who conducted us to the Ship through a double line of upwards of five thousand marines. This ship is a gum sneezer, but one of our frigates with a picked crew of Britsh Tars would soon I calculate, send her to Davy Jones' locker in the twinkling of a moschettoe's eye. Partook of a handsome colation; was conducted down the platform we had an hour ago ascended and proceeding to the river were conveyed on board a large steam boat full of flags and scrolls bearing my name in gold letters. We proceeded enlivened by a band of music, to the mouth of the romantic little creek called Schuylkill and after a short

passage were landed at Market street wharf, where taking a canal boat we were soon at that so much puffed up and talked about place called Fairmount from which they supply the city with a quantity of muddy, nasty water; not fit for the stomach, unless filtered and julipized. Fairmount consists of a little hill on which are built large tanks for receiving the water, and distributing through the town by means of India rubber hose which are stretched along the gutters and kept in order by a multitude of ragged urchins who sell nuts and cakes and beer at the same time. Across the Schuylkill a mill dam is stretch'd to obstruct the water and feed the pumps. An old wooden image of a woman spouts up water like a lemonader's fountain, and two black geese, which they call swans, swim about in a couple of little ponds. One view of the serpentine river in St. James park is worth a dozen such sights like the Quakers' Fairmount. Partook of refreshments and were trundled home in the same style we visited the ship in; only the Colonel and privates of the Hollow Guards seemed tolerably "how come you so." Arrived at our hotel and were received with one hundred cheers from the populace, two hundred thousand of whom lined the street in front of our lodgings, on entering which I threw myself flat on the floor of our parlour being fairly done over with kindness. Alas, for poor little me!

Felt so fatigued when I awoke, I could scarce eat breakfast; C. called at nine in a coach, and took pa and poor little me to his elegant mansion, where we were introduced to his relatives and some dozens of the elite of the city, assembled there for the express purpose of being honored with our acquaintance. I thought the N. York women bad enough looking; but, by my troth, they are angels in comparison to the Philadelphia females. The latter having extremely dark skins, thick lips, flat noses, and most abominable large feet and thick ancles, owing, I suppose, to the *amalgamation* system introduced by William Penn. Their dress is somewhat bordering on the rediculous: the ladies wearing frocks and pantaloons, the former article being so short as to scarce reach half way to the knee. They have already introduced my bonnet here, which, worn with the dress described, causes them to look like fusileers, or sharp shooters. The men wear drab breeches, half-moon coats, and broad-brim hats, and are about as boorish in their manners as the ladies are awkward in theirs. After partaking of a handsome colation, C. accompained us to the Lyceum Theatre, where we are to play to night: pa as Romeo, poor little me as Juliet.—The Lyceum is the largest and most fashionable Theatre in the city, situate in South below Eighth street. It is built of white granite, the basement being occupied as an extensive livery stable, where my intended keeps his valuable stud of horses. (I am told he is a great jockey,)—The entrance is through a splendid saloon, occupied

as a bar room, and the stage and audience department is at least forty feet from the ground.—The stock company, I think, is better than they have at the Park. There is a little Theatre in a narrow lane called Chesnut street, owned by Heywood, Sprat, & Higginbottom, where they play tragedy, comedy, and farce by means of automatons. They have also what they call the American Theatre, fitted up in a large shed, corner of Eighteenth and Walnut streets, where, I am told, the Yankees sometimes play tolerably decent. That an American should play well is truly astonishing, as they are mostly destitute of education. The University, in this place, resembles a prison, and what few students attend it spend the greater part of their time in playing marbles in the lot adjoining it. The teachers are all Frenchmen, or Dutchmen, hence the cause of their speaking such intolerable English. Went home, took a julip, and stitched away like the very devil till dinner time; after dinner took a nap—woke at five, put out my toggery, pottered about till tea time, swallowed a julip, and set off to astonish the natives, which I did to all creation, judging from the deafening shouts of applause which shook the building, though I knew I was wilfully murdering poor Juliet, but they perceived it not, my worst acting being very far superior to the best they had ever before seen. Did not like to see pa pay so much attention to the supernumerary girls, some of whom are very pretty; told him of it when we got home, he said I was a fool, and ought to reverence him more than to be prying into every

thing he done; thought he was just like all other men, and prayed he might be kept out of temtation.

Arose, dressed, and after taking my julip took a walk solus. Saw the bakers delivering their bread out of carts that had been used the day before for carrying dirt; the milk maids' pails looked more like English slop buckets than any thing I can compare them to. I was up this morning at least two hours before the generality of decent housekeepers arise. I was lucky however in finding a hackney coach, which odly enough had painted on its side in large letters—"Furniture Carriage." Not wishing to converse with the driver I received his assistance, jump'd in, and ordered him to drive me to the Fish Market. As soon as we arrived there the greatest scene occurred I ever witnessed.—The fish women set up such a hurrahing for Fanny Thimble that really some of the newly caught fish were brought to life, and releasing themselves from the gold bedizzened baskets of their owners, sprang once more into their native element. The fish mongers were as bad as the fish, for they jump'd up till two or three of them fell down dead—

"Dead as herrings,
Herrings that are red,"

from having split their skulls against the market roof, which is not more than fifty feet high.—

Without any ceremony they tied a kerchief full of paving stones to the feet of each corse, and flung them into the Delaware, singing some wild dirge, the burthen of which was—

Your bodies are gone
To the land of the leal,
They'll be fed upon,
By catfish and eel.

Like the nigger in Lunnun,
Who fell in the beer,
Though husbands are undone,
Such flesh will sell dear.

No more with your fingers,
You'll tear off the skin,
While life warmly lingers
The cat-fish within.

They've got you, 'tis plain,
Yet don't think it hard,
We'll see your sweet flesh again
Fried in hogs' lard.

I would fain have made my escape, but two stout wenches held the reins of the horses until they had filled the wagon, coach, or car, up to my middle,—my feet and legs were literally imbedded with all kinds of fish, from a minnow to a sturgeon. They then brought a large bowl of whiskey punch, of which they made me partake freely, and then with one hundred and a half cheers let me depart for my hotel. Mr. Foot, on hearing of the compliment, said he would repay me for my spoiled dress, and have me thoroughly scrubbed from the smell of the fish if I would give him the load. I accepted

the offer, and have just reached my chamber after one of the most brutal scrubbings dear little me ever had; by my troth, I don't believe there's a bit of skin on my body,—as Dennis Bulgruddery says, "to the devil I pitch such ticklers of girl's flesh."

Woke up at dawn of day, suffering the most excruciating agony from the loss of my skin.—Sent for the most eminent physician in the city, whose name is Burton. Like all their eminent men of talent he belongs to the African race.—He ordered me to be soft sponged with sweet oil, and to be annointed with Swaim's Panacea, a miraculous medicine, which has in many instances made old men young again. Pa put the decoction on with a new white-wash brush, and in less than five minutes I was covered with a coat of most beautiful skin, free from freckle, wrinkle, or any blemish whatever; when my love sick Yankee Doodle came to accompany us to rehearsal, he scarce knew me, I had altered so much for the better. Rehearsed the Hunchback, thought Master Walter paid more attention to a dancing girl of about sixteen years old than he did about his part, or his poor little me either. Felt sorry for dear ma; but am determined to watch him so close, that he will be unable to get into a scrape. Went home, accompanied by C.—Got him to read, in his way, Don Juan; when he came to the part where the lovers were discovered in the arbour, I sobbed out aloud thinking of the dancing girl and *dad*, who had given us the slip on our way to our Hotel. admired Byron; how well thy sympathetic soul knew how to picture the follies of thine own

cumbusticated sex. After dinner went a riding with my dear Fierce—he has really won my heart,—mounted on one of his Arabian steeds, looked, as one of the respectable penny dailies declared, like Cleopatra sailing in a whale boat. What an exquisite metaphor! I have made a mem of it, and shall send a copy of the paper to ma, in order to have it placed in the British Museum. I played better this evening than I did on my first appearance. Pa. seemed careless—looked as if he was about *being* made drunk, and I wished the little dancing devil H—gins, was being roasted "down below!" After the play, went home, pa went to bed, said he had the headache, and I and Fierce determined, *sans* regard to gentility, to enjoy an hour or two of the full moon light on the

"Banks of the Schuylkill so pleasant and gay."

We wandered to the Callowhill St. Bridge the gates of which were thus early shut, and though there were a great many more beside myself and beau that wished to go across, the toll keeper would not come down to open a passage for us. His excuse might have been a good one—"his guid wife," he said had the cholic, and he was just going to steam her. Thinking of an old gypsey song, I suited the action to the words, and soon bounded over every obstacle.

"He will neither open bar or lock,
So I'll jump gate though I tear my frock,
Tweedle dum dee,
Tweedle dum dee,
Alas, and I tore both my gown and smock."

"Most prophetic quotation," said Fierce, when he had huddled himself over, "you have tore your dress to the very skin, and about three feet length will give you an idea of the upward slit the latch of the gate made when you caught on it in your descent." "Never mind," said I, "plenty more where that came from." He pinned it, which answered to keep the wind out 'till we got to the Hotel opposite side of the river, where one of the maids stitched it up for me, not without many questions as to how I got my tatters so badly torn. I stopped her mouth with a half dollar, and cleared my throat of the dust with a long draught of the exquisite lime punch they there make. We started towards Market St. Bridge about eleven o'clock; but instead of navigating along the banks of the stream, we found they were all mud and splatterdockified, and the only nightingales to be heard, was the moon-worshiping bull frog, crying

> "Blood an ouns! blood an ouns, an ouns,
> I eat the flesh of all that drowns."

Listened to their music with great pleasure; asked Fierce to sing the Poachers, he tried, but by my bridal troth, he could not croak half as well as the frogs. On descending the hill that leads from the Upper Ferry Road to the Bridge over Market St., I discovered a gentleman hand a lady out of a carriage, and both entered an Inn. Here we stopped and called for a bowl of punch; entered the sitting room, where, O, shocking, horrid; pa was—Oh, dear! I blur my writing as I pen down the dark and most atrocious deed;—pa, I say, leaned over the

dancing imp in the act of—how shall I express it, for my heart wringing sobs and sighs—in the act of blowing his nose with one hand, whilst he helped the she devil to a glass of Madeira with the other. I screamed, he upset the table, looked confounded, I seized the girl, and would have torn her to pieces but for one of his roseate Romeo smiles, and the recollection of the reverence I should feel for my dear, dear, sweet, kind papa.

Pa, speechified the audience last night on the occasion of our benefit and poor little me had to stand along side of him, whilst he spoke compliments to the Philadelphia boors he felt were neither deserving, or just. Had a thousand dollars in the house clear of all expenses; but a thousand dollars is a mere drop in the bucket to one of my standing. At eight having breakfasted on stewed tripe and hommony (a kind of horse dish) we mounted the studs furnished by my dear C—, and accompanied by him took a grand tour thro' the principle streets of the city to the admiration of thousands who anxiously gazed at the fearless riders. Joining C——'s carriage, in which was our baggage and negroes to take charge of the horses when we preferred a ride in the coach, we all set off for Baltimore. After getting near Darby, my steed having spied a mare in an adjacent field, cocked up his ears, shook his gallant sides and before I could say mint julip carried me over a fence and left me wallowing in a filthy ditch t'other side. Fierce soon pulled me out;

but I was in a pretty pickle and smelt for all the world like an old sow after a bath in a mud puddle. I walked to the tavern where calling for a julip and large tub of water I was soon righted again both inwardly and outwardly; but am resolved never to ride a stallion again as long as I live. They were full two hours catching "Arab steed" who with the others was given in charge of the negroes whose place we took in the carriage and after a cool glass of punch and sprinkling the seats with "eau de cologne" we went off at a fine rate for Baltimore.

Well here we are safe and sound in the monumental city. Well may it be called so, as the inhabitants look as solemncholly as if they were going to a funeral: fear this place wont put much cash in our pockets. The girls wear my bonnet here, by Jupiter; I shall douse the little negligee, wear one of a different cut and give the miliners another job of Thimble work, for I verily believe if I were to walk the streets in a night cap, the ladies would follow the fashion instanter. Went with Pa to see the Theatre but before we got there, a door suddenly open'd in one of the large houses and splash came a big bowl of water in my face, "beg pardon ma'am" said the infernal slewer that did it, "its lucky water ma'am a child was christened in it." Pa threatened to complain to the police,—she laughed and slammed the door to.—So much for liberty and equality. I was tearing mad I swear, and pa tried to joke me into a good humour, when just as we arrived

in sight of the Front street Theatre, down came a bucket full of soap suds on his new hat and coat. He damm'd, I laughed, and remembering his joke about the Cataract of the Ganges, told him they were merely rehearsing Monsieur Tonson up stairs, and conceiting he was Tom King gave him a ducking. The devil take such a town said he; I hope we'll storm it said I; I'll have revenge said pa by gosh, and leaving me at the Theatre Hotel he went off to prosecute the gentle Ruth that had so bedaubed him. Such is the practice of throwing out water from high windows in this city that nearly a hundred children get drowned in a week by the sudden flood that carries them like a sweeping and devastating torrent down the gutters, from which the strolling pigs root them out and feast luxuriantly on dead niggers. The manager came into the Hotel; took a julip with him and visited the Theatre, a tolerable large place; felt unwell and navigated my pretty little body home as quick as thought.

Woke up at eight, went to stitching up a dress for Queen Dollalolla, in Tom Thumb. Pa played Mr. Noodle. Like our Hotel very much—plenty of wild game and oysters on table. After breakfast the church bells began ringing, guns fired and the mob huzzaed. On enquiring the reason was told the governor had come from Annapolis to pay us his respects. We were soon conducted to the Court-house, where we were received with the most humiliating courtesy. Kissing my feet, kneeling, &c. &c., were

again enacted. The Governor was a tolerably good looking fellow, and paid me much attention; said he indeed wished he was a widower for my sake. Cutler did'nt relish the joke, as the Governor is a rich man. After being showed off for an hour returned to the Hotel with my dear C. Pa came home at two, so fuddled he could eat no dinner. Dispensed with rehearsal, went to the Theatre at five; the house a perfect jam.—Pit, Gallery, Box, running over on to the stage; played amidst a crowd of impertinent men and boys. Was offered a dram of whiskey out of a bottle, which I greatly gulped at, and pottered with the fellow an hour or two for his politeness. When the curtain fell, pa staggered out to thank them for our warm reception,—(wet, he should have said) in Baltimore, and the orchestra struck up an old English tune they have christened the "Star Spangled Banner." Left pa at Theatre; went home, sang, and sparked with C. till twelve; took a wild fowl supper with him, swallowed a bowl of punch, and retired to bed, where the bugs bit through my night cap, and actually tore my smock to fritters. Bugs, bugs, how can you be so heathenish, as to torment the delicate flesh before whose beautiful little form lordly man bows down to worship and adorify, by calling it divine, angelic, paragonic, incomprehensificationified and perfectly perfectified. Hence, vile bugs!—lay in your holes like your namesakes the *bug* editors, till you can find more vulgar carcases to phlebotomise.

Woke up early, dawdled about till breakfast, at ten Mr. C. called in his carriage and took poor little me solus, to be introduced to one of the highest, richest, and most distinguished families in the city. Pa could'nt go, having theatrical business to transact with D——. On arriving at a large mansion we were shown into the most splendid drawing room I had ever seen in this country. A beautiful large piano stood at one end of the room—directly two young and lovely ladies entered, to whom I was introduced as the Miss H——s'. They took their seats at the very extremity of the room from us, and addressing Fierce familiarly said, pa and ma most likely would be in in about an hour; they then went to bead-working as unconcerned as if there was nobody else in the room. I at last asked, thinking them bashful on account of my distinguished presence, if they ever played and sung as they had such a fine instrument beside them. —Without answering me, they arose, retired abruptly from the room, and in bounced a servant to say our carriage waited us. The devil and Doctor Faustus, says I to Cutler, did you bring me here to be insulted? Am I not insulted as well?—said he! But I was in such a glow of rage, I could not keep my dander down and I told their servant to tell them they were a couple of impudent, ignorant, ragtag and bobtail sluts and hussies, and should be shown up in my journal, then jumping into the coach requested to be driven home as quick as the devil, for I was as hot as Old Sam could be, and if I did not get my rage smothered with a julip, I should

certainly burst and set fire to the town by a shower of ejected brimstone blazes of real John Bull knock down and drag out anger. We are at home. Waiter, the julip—let it be sweet and strong—'tis here "*and quick as lightening down my throat it goes.*" I feel a little cooler, but by the blood of the Thimbles, which has flowed through the most distinguished veins since the days of Noah, is it not too bad that I, the fairest representative the family ever had, should be insulted by a couple of Yankee gals. It shant be borne; pa shall challenge the father, and Fierce the brother, if they have any. Poor Cutler, I fear I displayed too much of my natural temper to him; he may be alarmed lest I show more of it when I have him hooked. I'll tell pa to get writings drawn out to-morrow which he shall sign and seal, or no longer be a gallant of mine. He fairly shook when he saw the English fire sparkle and flash, like the priming of a forty-eight pounder, from my eyes, and no doubt has gone home vexed and mortified as well as frightened. I'll send after him this very minute, d—n'd if I don't.—Oh, la! I committed swearing —well, it's no sin, only a devilish bad practice. Curse Baltimore, I say, I'll wipe the dust from my feet when I leave it;—must ring for another julip, and take an hour's nap, if the fleas and bugs will let me.

Dreamt all night of the dreadful insult I had received; cursed the authors of it fifty times in my sleep, and if it was not for the sake of somebody

I'd go right off this moment and wollop the jades into a respect for my dignity. Poor pa, he went to bed in a high state of fever about the affair, and swore by all the ghosts of the Thimbles, the Siddons, &c. &c. he'd shoot the d—nd wretches if it was not against the law. Ah, waiter, you seem to know by instinct when I arise— a letter so early, who can it be from; I'll sip my julip and then peruse its contents,— best glass I have drank for a week. Now for the billet deux;— To Miss Fanny Thimble. "miss;" miss eh; what, no respect paid to my name? "I had not the pleasure of being at home yesterday when you were introduced to my daughters."— bless my soul, this is no doubt an humble apology for their rude treatment; well what else does he say?—"but not wishing you to remain ignorant of the cause of your cool reception I will plainly tell you that your presumption in pushing yourself among respectable society argues either a high degree of ignorance, or the possession of a fund of the most unblushing and daring impudence. Had I or any of my family wished to see you, like viewing the learned ape, we could have had our wish gratified for fifty cents at the Theatre. Your whole race, as far as I can trace them in theatrical works, have lived rather the lives of gypsies than christians, and I really believe the ancestor who sold old clothes in ragged row was the most respectable among your tribe. If a wealthy ignoramus chooses to lower the dignity of his family by marrying a third rate strolling actress, he must not attempt to insult the friends of that family by forcibly striving to introduce you into society where you are neither desired nor hold claim to its respect

yours, etc., H———." * * * * * * * * * * * * Clouds burst; thunders roll; lightnings flash; flood gates of the sky open and pour down a deluge; and thou mighty ocean, that rolls only a short way off, sweep with thy briny billows over the inhabitants of this accursed city, and make it an example of the wrath that must sooner or later befal those who dare insult the honorable name of Thimble! Now pa, to show thee this, and if you dont cowhide him before you sleep, may the devil carry him off before morning, and scorch his daughters noses black and their cheeks saffron. Furies!

> Did I command the storm, the thunder or the sea
> I'd be revenged, republican on thee,

After a pleasant ride of a few hours, reached Washington City, where we put up at what they call a first rate Hotel, but a more miserable set of apartments no poor devil of an Englishwoman was ever put in. It was literally overrun by members of Congress and their wives, who really imagine, by the airs they take, that their husbands belong to the House of Parliament. Shortly after our arrival we called on the President, and was introduced to him in a large and splendidly furnished room. He shook hands with us, said he hoped we would be pleased with America, and turning on his heels quite impolitely, left us to talk to a little squab bald headed Dutchman, who actually smelt of sour crout. This man, we were told by the gentleman waiter, was Martin Van Buren, a candidate for President himself, when Jackson goes out. I hope he will learn politeness before he is elected, or the people will

be ruled by a boor. Was offered wine and cake and told this was the President's busiest day. Swallowed the champaign, and proceeded to view the city, which I pronounce the ugliest place in the world, and its inhabitants, in winter time, half savage and half civilized. They send a learned baboon from the west to a seat in Congress, and have christened it Davy Crockett. The lazy bell tolled to dinner, and into the dining-room we pottered, pretty hungry and dry. As we took our seats, the ladies on each side of the table, rose, as I thought, in respect to me; when, O! warriors and shades of despair, judge my surprise, when the landlord told us the other females refused to dine with me or pa, but we could eat in a short time with the servants. "Servants," said pa, I'd have you know I am as high born and proud as your shabby looking Congressmen that grin around. "No noise," said he of the Inn. "Turn him out at once, and his strolling daughter," cried some one at the end of the room; and before you could say tipety witchet, out of doors we were huddled, Cutler and all, and had to seek quarters in a little beer house at the other end of the town. The women are jealous of my charms—they envy me my dear Cutler, who can't easily *cut* me, having bound himself in writing to marry me. Ten thousand devils and Yankee furies have been let loose against me in the shape of woman's tongue. A gross conspiracy is raised against me; but if Fanny Thimble don't *cut* them to the quick before *she* becomes a *Cutler*, then she'll *cut* stick across the water and *cut* what capers she pleases in her Journal. I'll punish them, damme.

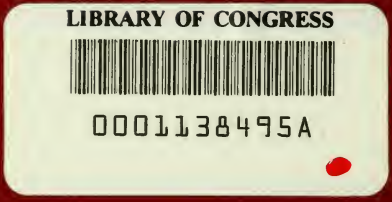
Left Washington—hopped over Baltimore, and arrived in Philadelphia yesterday; went to Cutler's own house, and took up our residence. Pa has sold my Journal for twenty thousand dollars! To-morrow I go to Christ Church, and give myself away to my dear, silly, rich and loving FIERCE CUTLER, whose wealth will enable me to cut a dash, lead the ton, and cut all the ragtag and bobtail would-be-quality that will not bow at my shrine. The poet who writes the hymns for the church has composed a chaunt; it is to be sung in full choir after the wedding;

> Dear, sweet, smiling Fanny, now don't be afraid,
> You'll soon be a mammy, and learn wedlock's trade;
> To the soft bed of love dear, go hie thee away,
> To kiss, and drink julip till beams a new day.

To-morrow, pa, dear, dear, pa sails for England. If he persuades King Billy to declare war against the Yankee Doodles, he's going to send a frigate for us. Heigho! how time flies, 'tis night, the rooms are full of horse jockies, and merchants, quill drivers and the devil knows what, enjoying my farewell maiden party. Went down, swallowed sixteen glasses of punch off hand; listened to "the bonny christ church bells" ringing joyful peals for my wedding eve. Sat on C.'s lap, whilst pa went through a jig with an old maid Quakeress. Fierce, a little "how come you so," hope he'll keep sober to-morrow night. Huzza, pa and the quakeress are both floored,—punch too strong for the understanding — Fierce and I stole out slyly; popped into one of the theatres, when, by all that's fiendish some fellows set up a hiss, and cried "turn 'em out, turn out the impudent authoress of the blackguard Journal." Fierce and I flew, and endeavoring to make our retreat, neither being very sober, we tumbled one over the other down the box stairs.—Got out, called a coach, and reached home; found visitors drunk as the devil,—pa and C. were put to bed; I stuck it out till all retired, when I drank curses on all that is American. By the Gods, 'tis well I have most ended, as I feel my head reeling like the very devil,—I'll lay on the carpet as I'm a maid!

> Farewell, farewell my Journal grand
> May you meet with a great demand,
> And buyers weep that *poor little me*,
> Should thus so devilish tipsey be,
> On the night before, I'm to be a bride,
> And evermore in my own coach ride.
> Tiddery I, de eh, de oh.

FINIS.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